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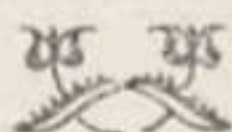
Volume I. OCTOBER, 1928. Whole No. 2

FRANK T FRIES, Editor - Publisher - Printer

512 W. CHURCH ST., ORRVILLE, O.

FRANK READE, JR.'S, "WARRIOR;" or,
FIGHTING APACHES IN ARIZONA

By "Noname"



But his manner showed alarm and keen anxiety.

As he rode, he rose at times in his stirrups, scanning the horizon closely. Then he put spurs to his horse and sped on faster than ever.

"It 'pears to me," he muttered after a time, "that it's moughty queer that I don't see anything of that fort. It kaint be that I'm off the track, fer as sure as my name are Lariat Luke, this be the right course."

Mile after mile was covered and then a line of timber appeared, but before he could make it a band of Apaches appeared and tried to cut him off.

(continued on page 8)

FOR SALE—25c dice egg or tumbleegg 20c, ½ doz. eggs 95c, sell for \$1.50; 1 doz. eggs \$1.75, sell for \$3.

FRANK MERRIWELL VS. FRED FEARNOT

Written Especially for This Magazine

By RALPH P. SMITH

President H. H. B. and Author of Numerous
Special Magazine Articles.



P A R T T W O

“Well, you old reprobate,” smiled Frank Merriwell, as he shook the wrinkled hand of Old Joe Crowfoot. “I swear you haven’t changed one little bit in all the years.”

Old Joe grunted, a look of real pleasure in the usually expressionless countenance. “Strongheart say fine words. Old Joe glad. Old Joe see young man, where older man should be. Strongheart like oak tree that stand wind and many storms. Old Joe like fruit tree that live awhile and bimeby fall with heavy rain. When heart is strong, body strong.”

There was quite a gathering in Merry’s rooms. Out

from one of the adjoining rooms strode a handsome youthful looking man with dark hair and eyes. But two words were spoken: "Old Joe." "Injun Heart."

There was a happy reunion in the rooms that morning. Old friends were coming and going every hour, but a few stayed on. These few consisted of the ball nine that Frank had selected, and a few ladies. Among the women were Elsie Hodge, Inza Merriwell, June Merriwell, Winnie Badger and Mrs. Buckhart.

Many happy hours were spent in talking over old times. The perils that had beset them in foreign lands, the fun and adventures on the stage, on the railroad, the grand tour of America, when they had become the world's champions in the amateur class, the wonderful times in the Mad River Baseball league, the terrible adventures that Frank and Dick had gone through to retain possession of their 'Queen Mystery' and other mines left them by their father. And so on; the veritable history of their lives was spun, scene by scene. A listener-in would have heard of Frank Merriwell's great idea: "The American School of Athletic Development." One would have heard of winning the Olympics by Dick Merriwell and of him losing his fortune in a South American revolution. Then would have been heard the founding of "The Merriwell Company," which tackled projects of all sizes and descriptions.

At the present time, Frank had settled down, as head of his Athletic School, with Bart Hodge and Bruce Browning as heads of departments. Dick was the active head of "The Merriwell Co." and Frank's son, Frank, Jr., was managing a division of the Air-mail.

Many glances of admiration were cast at Merry by Bart Hodge. His usual dark countenance was aglow with pleasure at the reception tendered Frank and his chums. Things had not always been thus. Bart could remember not so many years ago that an old college or school acquaintance of his and Frank's would warmly greet Merriwell, to cast him barely a cold nod. Tonight, however, many were the hearty handshakes he had received. Those who had misunderstood him in the past, more than made up for it.

Merry had been figuring on the back of a long envelope, and turning to the boys said: "You men are going to start the ball rolling this afternoon. If you are all in condition you'll stay in, but if anyone shows any signs of being winded, I'm going to bench him. I don't want to start back home with a trainful of invalids. This applies to myself, too."

"Count me out now," grunted Bruce Browning, puffing at a meerschaum pipe. "I'm winded before we start."

"You're going to start," laughed Merry. "I've heard you say those very same words before. And, for a fat man, I've yet to see anyone with as much pep as you manifest, once you get into action."

"Tronble is," put in Buckhart, "He sure doesn't start till about the eighth inning." But Brad was silenced by a pillow buried in his face.

"Here's the lineup fellows," called Frank. "See what you think of it."

Buckhart,	c. f.	Browning,	3 b.
Gallup,	1. f.	Diamond,	s. s.
Rattleton,	r. f.	Merriwell, F.,	p.
Merriwell, R.,	1 b.	Hodge,	c.
Mulloy,	2 b.		

"Fine," cried Dick Merriwell. "There's only one troubling thing, Frank. "You haven't left a place for Cap'n Wiley."

"What ho, mates," came a voice from the corridor, who's taking my name in vain." And into the room came a strange spectacle.

He was of medium height, but inclined to stoutness, but his dress was the most arresting feature. He wore a felt hat, a red sweater, a pair of plus-fours, checkered blue socks and patent leather shoes.

"Cap'n Wiley," Frank greeted him. "So they haven't killed you off yet?"

"Still on the globe, mate," chuckled Wiley. "The report of my demise wss greatly exaggerated, so I just thought I'd heave to and cast anchor, as I wrote brother Richard. Brother Richard knew I was coming, didn't you Dick? Why, hello Chief," he added, catching sight of Old Joe Crowfoot, "I thought you'd have vanished from this terrestrial sphere ere now. Put here there Old Sock-in-the-wash."

"How, Breeze Mouth," grunted Old Joe.

"May your shadow never grow less," said Wiley.

"Now mates, I'll tell you how come I've just come. When I was notified of this little re-onion, I was running silk from Japan to Mexico. I shook out all sail,

weighed anchor and boxed the compass. Before long, I was headed in a straight line for here. I noticed a cloud of black smoke in the sky, but didn't pay much attention to it. However, ere long, it began to settle down into the sea and no matter which way you lookt you couldn't see a thing. You couldn't see the sea. I was standing at the wheel and I felt this dark cloud getting thick. Before long I could hardly move at all."

"And then what," asked Dick.

"And then, realizing I was in a fix, I put my stupendous intellect to work on the problem. To call for help was of no avail, for if I couldn't move, how could the crew? For days and days, I just stood there at the wheel, powerless to move, and knowing not whither I drifted. Finally I hit upon an idea which would release me from this cloud."

"Phwat was it?" asked Barney Malloy. "Did yez foind a knoife?"

"Mates," said the Cap'n, "It's plain to be seen I am disbelieved. I refuse to disclose my plan. It was not needed anyway. The cloud started to get thinner, and at length I was freed. It was a close call. I had gone a hundred miles off my course, grown an inch of beard and lost fifteen pounds. But say! I almost forgot something. A gentleman handed me this letter and asked me to give it to Frank."

Merry opened the letter. It was written in two sentences. It read: "The Magic Spectacles. A Man to be Avenged."

"What is that nonsense Frank?" asked Diamond.

"Phew-ew-ew-ew!" whistled Merry.

(To be continued in next month's issue).

FOR SALE—Beadles' Half Dime 286 "Wild Men of Buzzard Bar" 75c. 1105 "Poor House Pete" \$1.00. 1114 "Shadowed" 65c. Wide Awake Library 1067 "Icebound" 75c. 1327 "From Errand Boy to Lawyer" 50c. Old Sleuth Library, 60c each, 10 "The Brigands of New York," 58 "Darrel, Detective," 64 "Bowery Detective," 69 "Archie, the Wonder," 93 "Daring Tom Cary," 99 "Mademoiselle Lucy, the French Lady Detective." All stamped, some uncut. 5c each: Pluck and Luck 1101, Buffalo Bill 69, Wild West 522, 523, 524, 526, 531, 536, 562, 566, 571, 577, 600, 617, 629, 646, 650, 658, 673, 674, 679, 680, 796. 15c, Liberty Boys 104, Tip Top 655, "Famous Pioneers of the West." Frank T Fries, Orrville, Ohio.

Ralph Cummings, Box 184, Farnumsville, Mass., was the first subscriber to our magazine. He has a supply of "Steam Horses" for sale at 25c each.

Some of the stories we expect to run soon are: "F. Merriwell in India; or, Hunting Human Leopards," "Frank Merriwell's Sign; or, The Secret of the Silent Student," "Frank Reade's Airship; or, The Search for the Dog Faced Men," etc. We would like to borrow for publication No.1 of the various nickel libraries such as "Wild West Weekly," "Liberty Boys of '76," "Work and Win," or other popular series. Credit will be given the donor, in the magazine.

Frank T. Fries, Publisher, 519 W. Church St., Orrville, O.

But he kept his mustang on the jump.

Darkness was settling down rapidly.

On went the race.

"I only hope that darkness will come before they can gain on me," muttered Luke. "I may be able to give them the slip yet."

This was the scout's only hope. He well knew what his fate would be if overtaken by the dreaded Apaches.

There was nothing too cruel for them to inflict upon a captive. Torture was their delight.

So Lariat Luke made the strongest efforts possible to elude his dread pursuers.

He kept his horse on the jump, nursing him carefully, however, and gradually the pall of night came.

The horse responded nobly. The Apaches did not seem to be gaining.

But suddenly an unfortunate accident happened.

The horse stepped into a gopher hole and stumbled. The rider shot over his head.

Scrambling to his feet, he saw the horse's leg was broken. It was of no use now.

He could hear the thunder of hoofs approaching.

The forms of the Apaches became visible, and dropping to one knee, he began firing rapidly.

(To be continued in next month's issue).